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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 10th NOVEMBER, 1888.

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Constance Stanley of Preston

LADY STANLEY OF PRESTON,
WIFE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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10th NOVEMBER, 1888.



The ceaseless rains of the last three months—beginning in August and not over yet—have drawn so much damp from the high heavens that there will not be vapour enough left for early snow. So speak some scientific men. The French farmer forecasts a late and open fall, owing to the second crop of tufted grass which the rains have brought, and whereon the kine will graze. The Indians—the best seers of them all—foretell a mild winter, because furred animals have not soothed their coats, and the birds of the air are sparse in feather.

It sounds like blasphemy to ask whether marriage is a failure, and answers are being poured in upon the American papers from thousands of pens, some of them steeped in scepticism, some in scorn, some in sneers, and almost none in submission to first principles. And yet no rule of life is so elementary. Marriage is a rite or a sacrament. It is indissoluble except for the one cause set down in the Bible. The family and society are rooted in it. The morals of the Christian world are fastened on the sanctity and inviolability of the wedding tie.

Although the returns for the month of October will soon be forthcoming, we think it well to publish the mortuary statistics of our chief towns for September, the last known up to date: Montreal, 526; Toronto, 226; Quebec, 158; Hamilton, 73; Ottawa, 71; London, 27; Winnipeg, 60; Belleville and Kingston, 22; Brantford, St. Thomas, and Gault, 16; Guelph, 21; Peterboro, 14. The mortality of Hull, 17, was the greatest for its size, Winnipeg, Montreal and Quebec following.

Archdeacon Farrar finds time to forward the fancy of vegetarianism, holding that it improves health and tends to simplicity of life; is a practical remedy for poverty, and an absolute check to the curse of drink. Vegetarianism would promote the cultivation of fruit and the distinguished divine grieves that English apples are not so delicious as when he was a boy. Mr. Gladstone is also urging English farmers to grow fruit for jam, whereupon the Archdeacon must have his joke, saying that thus would be fulfilled in two senses the words of the Roman satirist: *Jam dabitur jam-jam*.

The French themselves are awaking to the fact that they are fast declining through decrease in population. We have the warning of several of the chief Paris papers. One of them admits that the tendency of the population is to run down, while England and Germany run up by half a million a year. The Anglo-Saxon race, originally much inferior to the old Gallic race, is now two or three times more numerous. Within a century, for one man speaking French there will be ten speaking English. The increase of the sur-

rounding nations ought certainly to open the eyes of a military people who are obliged to keep up a great army.

La France passes in review all the proposed remedies, and concludes that the only one is to revive the old spirit of the nation. This is true. That spirit is religion. This, however, cannot be done by decree. True again. It can be done only by early marriages, the "cult" of children, and fidelity to wives. The *Univers* says: "We can fix the day, not distant, when, by the perennial falling off of births, France will have lost one-third of its population. The result is fatal. Within half a century France will have fallen below Italy and Spain to the rank of a second-rate Power. There is no denying the figures. If this continues, in addition to other causes of decadence, we are a lost nation."

If there is an excess of women in Europe, let them come over here and get married. The Romans want more Sabines. According to the report of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, there are three million more women than men in the United Kingdom. About half of them are married, indeed, but over 60 per cent. are single and dependent on their own handiwork for livelihood. Whereupon a Victoria paper calls them to British Columbia, where the wages asked for by the Chinese would seem to these British spinsters as beyond their most sanguine hopes.

Sir Adolphe Caron, whose portrait we published last week, spoke within our hearing, at Ottawa, on the unveiling of the Sharpshooters' Memorial, and took the opportunity of naming most, but not all, the chief monuments of Canada—about sixteen—a respectable number. We shall give them in their chronological order:—Nelson's column, at Montreal; Brock's pillar, at Queenston Heights; the Wellesley and Parker statue, at Halifax; the Wolfe-Montcalm shaft, at Quebec; the Wolfe column, on the Plains; the monument of the Braves, at Ste. Foye; the De Salaberry statue, at Chambly; that of the Queen, at Montreal, and in the Parliamentary Library; the Volunteers' memorial, at Winnipeg; the Brown statue, at Toronto; that of Cartier, at Ottawa; of Laviolette, at Three Rivers; that of Dr. Ryerson, at Toronto; the Brant Memorial, at Brantford; that of the Sharpshooters, at the Capital; the projected colossal figure of the Virgin on Cape Trinity, and the monument to the Iroquois virgin and saint, Catherine Tegakwita, the gift of Canon Walworth, of Albany, which lies uncovered near Caughnawaga because Customs dues have not been paid!

It is not generally known that there are still pelicans in the Mississippi valley and our Northwest. Lately two big flocks flew over St. Louis, Missouri, hovering above the Father of Waters for a time, then slowly sailing, single file, and in a bee line, for the southeast. In olden times the sight of those birds, with a pouch under bill, would have been regarded as a holy token, recalling the fine lines of the eucharistic rhythm:

Pie Pelicane * * * * *
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla saluum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

The plea for union and the feeling of good fellowship among all the people of Canada dates back over one hundred years, to the very days of the Conquest, when Murray and Guy Carlton set

the example. In 1790, when the Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty, was commanding his regiment at Quebec, having opportunity to address the Grand Lodge, on an important occasion, and amid peculiar circumstances, he made use of these words, with deepest feeling: "Let there never more be heard among you 'the King's old and new subjects,' 'the French and English inhabitants.' You are all the King's Canadian subjects." We could not say better to-day.

The Mormon question has been settled in the Northwest Territories, through the voluntary renunciation of polygamy by the new settlers there. These people were as good as driven away from Utah by the Congressional suppression of a plurality of wives on the one hand, and the dissolution of their church, with the confiscation of all their property for school purposes, on the other. After that the waters of Salt Lake became bitter of a truth, and the far-seeing faithful are hieing to better lands of promise. The Northwest colony is already doing well, the Twelve Apostles having established the new church, and the Aaronic Priesthood having been conferred on worthy heads.

Now that all the returns from the crops have come in; that the harvest has been moved from the farms to the rail and shipping, and from these to the warehouses, we are in a position to estimate that the whole yield of the soil, throughout the whole provinces, is far better than was feared, rising even above the standard of the average. The public feeling, in consequence, will be one of trust, in spite of the dullness, which is usual at this season. Two or three articles of food have risen only a little—bread, through artificial causes, which must collapse—but the working-men all over the country will work full time the whole winter, with no rebate in wages, and will thus manage to live without hardship till the revival of spring.

COPYRIGHT IN BOOKS.

According to promise, we lay before our readers an account of the question of copyright, from the beginning to our day. The material is drawn from a lecture given by Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Montreal, before the Law School of Bishop's College. The author's views are strongly one-sided, but he presents both sides with fairness, and hence we are safe in drawing from his stores.

Copyright is the right of multiplying copies of literary and artistic works. It is regulated by statute, and begins at the instant of publication, but there is a party holding that copyright is a *natural* right, embodied in Roman Law, and quite independent of government grants in the interests of literature. In 1469 the Senate of Venice began issuing privileges to printers, thus giving authority to the Printers' guilds which existed during the Middle Ages, and the Stationers' Company was established in England, under Philip and Mary, with privilege to license and regulate the printing and sale of books, as well as the monopoly of multiplying copies. As far back as 1530, Henry VIII. issued something similar to "Master Jehan Palsgrave Anylois, natyf de Londres et gradué de Paris," for the imprinting a book called "*Lesclaircissement de la langue francoise*"—a coincidence interesting to us in Montreal, and the printers' craft in Canada, from the name of the late Mr. Palsgrave, who

died at the head of the Dominion Type Foundry in this city.

As time went on, these privileges were jealously guarded and distributed, doubtless by favour, to powerful companies. Thus Elizabeth granted Richard Tottal a monopoly of printing law books; Byrde, music books; Marsh, school books; Flower, grammars; Vautrotlier, Latin books; Day, primers; Symcocke, all things printed on one side of a sheet, provided the other side was white paper. This the Queen did in spite of the Stationers' Company. At this point Mr. Dawson pauses to tell us that the people who got these exclusive rights of making money out of the public property of popular works were not authors but printers, and that, if authors did sometimes get such privileges, their rights flowed from the authority of the Crown, precisely as to-day they flow from the authority of Parliament.

It was during these Licensing Acts, during the Rebellion, that ownership in literary property began to take shape, and the first evidence of an author's right of copy is that of "Paradise Lost." The last of the Licensing Act was in 1679, and in 1708 the first Copyright Act was passed, and not repealed till 1842. With the passage of the statute of Queen Anne, in 1708, authors and publishers, who were benefited by it, assumed that, beside their statutory, they had a Common Law right to which the statute was an adjunct. An interesting trial of this point was in the publication of Thomson's "Seasons," in 1727, the poet, or his assign, enjoying the sole right of printing for fourteen years, until 1741. After that time Thomson's assignee kept on printing, relying on his Common Law right surviving the expiration of the Statute right, when, in 1763, Taylor reprinted "The Seasons," and Millar at once sued him. The case went to the King's Bench where it was decided, by three judges against one, that copyright existed at Common Law and that the Act of Queen Anne was a cumulative remedy against infringement. This was in 1760, when the question was reopened by Donaldson, a publisher, who reprinted a book of which Becket, a rival, claimed copyright at Common Law. The Chancellor having granted an injunction, Donaldson appealed to the Lords, and that body, after a memorable debate, came to a decision upon which the law now rests and may be abridged thus:

- I. That an author's right over his unpublished book exists by the Common Law.
- II. That publication by the author would not invalidate his Common Law right to copy.
- III. That the statute takes away the author's Common Law right *after publication*, and substitutes in place thereof a statutory right.

It was during this debate in the Upper House that Lord Camden delivered his celebrated speech against the perpetuity of literary property, and was answered by Lord Lyttleton. A good deal of copyright legislation was passed from the enactment of the Act of 8th Queen Anne, in 1708, till the date of repeal and the Act of 1842, 5th and 6th Victoria. This Act forbade the reprinting of English books in the Colonies, as also the importation of reprints from foreign countries, and the colonists were cut off from their supply of books which they got much more cheaply from the United States. Of course, there was an outcry from Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but it resulted in no relief. Indeed, the exaction of the Customs, worked in the in-

terests of the English booksellers, led to a system of petty tyranny which to-day reads like fable.

At length, the Imperial Government were persuaded to move in the sense of reform and, in the roundabout system of those days, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, requested the Board of Trade to remind the publishers that it was important to provide for the intellectual needs of the Colonies. In 1847, Parliament passed an Act authorising the issue of an order in Council to suspend that portion of the Act of 1842 relating to the importation of reprints from abroad whenever any Provincial Government made provision for the rights of authors by imposing a special duty for their benefit. The Canadian Government imposed a duty of 12½ per cent. which still appears in our tariff, and was satisfactory to the British Government. The order was issued, and the only part of the Act of 1842, now in force in Canada, is that which forbids reprinting.

Having brought the history of Copyright down to our time, space obliges us to put off to next week, the consideration of the second part of this important subject, the Statute Law of Canada in the premises or, in clearer words. Copyright in Canada.

POINTS.

By ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

One of the penalties of greatness in these times is to see, in all the shop windows, portraits of oneself, ranging in expression all the way from absolute imbecility to almost supernatural profundity. History mentions a most luxurious crop of popular portraits in the time of John Wilkes. Everwhere busts and portraits of him were set up by an admiring populace; but as to returning their admiration, it seems he did not. The busts and portraits of John Wilkes have been supplanted by a long and numerous line of successors. And to the eminent has to some extent been given the "giftie," to see themselves as others see them. This is hardly, in all cases, a consummation devoutly to be wished. The newspaper portraits would, I think, convince us, if nothing else did, that this is a vale of woe. Perhaps some such consideration may have influenced Mr. Ruskin. Although his life-work has been among pictures, he steadily refused, for some time, to have any pictures taken of himself. But it appears that he has at last yielded to the popular demand, and been photographed, in his garden, with a background of ferns. A fault common to many popular portraits is an attempt to flatter, which often weakens the effect of an otherwise powerful and distinguished face. Like Cromwell, one might desire, after conflict and conquest, to have not one of the seams and wrinkles left out.

Politically the New York *Herald* and the *Tribune* are, of course, at daggers drawn. But, as is not usually the case with belligerents, they will sometimes unite in pitching into a third party. And they are now standing shoulder to shoulder in maintaining a strict code of dramatic criticism. The loss to the theatrical managers will be a gain to the public. Following this, one of our own papers came out with a rather novel announcement. No complimentary tickets will be accepted by the paper in question, in order that it may not be biased in the exercise of the critical faculty. It further adds, that the insertion of any complimentary comments from other papers must be paid for as advertisements. These are good signs. Many newspaper readers, I am sure, must often have turned with dissatisfaction from the euphuistic praises often bestowed upon very inferior performances. Certainly criticism, which the object of it pays for by the em, is not criticism at all. There is too little criticism in America; perhaps that is the reason why foreigners undertake so often to do it for us. It is to be hoped that the example of these papers may be

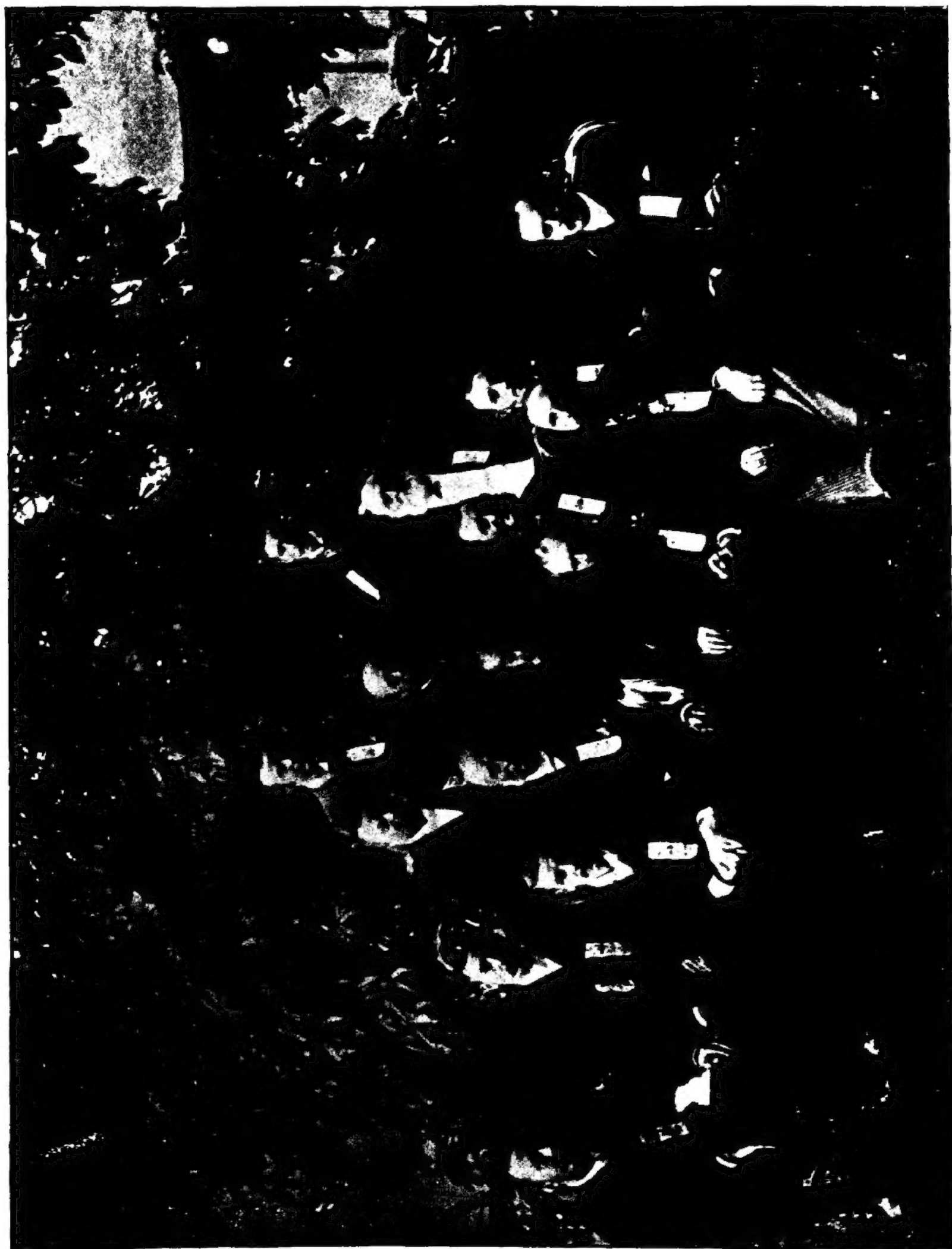
of some influence, and that we may look forward to having our errors of judgment rectified and our taste, where correct, gratified by proper dramatic criticism.

It has been said of Mark Twain that, although he has written many books, his best book is his scrap-book. It is a very good scrap-book, enabling one to arrange his clippings with neatness and despatch. But, for my part, I prefer the envelope system, which permits, perhaps, less neatness but more despatch. Neatly endorsed and properly classified envelopes will admirably answer the purpose. But some well-meaning persons make scrap-books not so much for the sake of the clippings as for the sake of the scrap-books. What fine frenzy it is to be imprisoned in a corner by one of these persons while unfolding the dismal labyrinths of such a scrap-book. Yawns are wasted on the desert air, the book must be waded through. If one betrays a lack of interest, it is ascribed, no doubt, to want of soul. Next to the scrap-book, in dullness, is the screen made of such a conglomeration of incongruities as almost to turn one's head. Life has so many cares and responsibilities that we ought to be given a helping hand, instead of being burdened by requests to look at screens and scrap-books. It may be inferred that I have been a sufferer. Yes, but it is my turn now. I am taking my revenge now. Ha, ha!

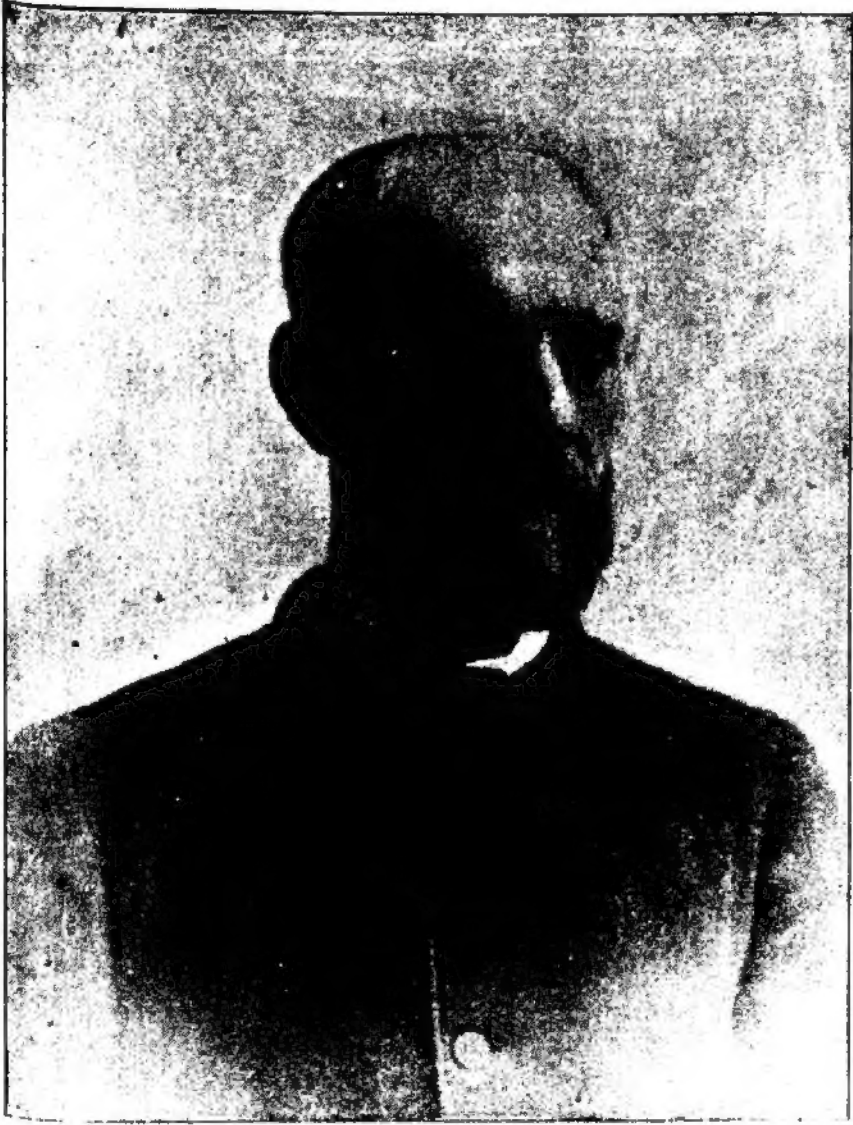
When modern spiritualism was founded by the Fox sisters, in 1848, the superstitious, no doubt, hailed it as a new thing under the sun. Its converts, clinging to it with a tenacity born of a cherished faith, have preserved it in spite of constant "exposures." But at last, from the very hands that exalted it, it has received a blow under which it must stagger. Mrs. Martha Fox Kane, one of the founders of spiritualism, is well on in years and will, ere long, know more about spirits than it is to be presumed she ever did here. So she has made a confession, and declared that the spiritualism which she helped to found is a fraud, a delusion and a snare. And it turns out that the mysterious rappings were produced by the skillful manipulation of a big toe. Could anything be less spiritual than a big toe? Ask the young and aching lover, who is all spirituality, how he feels about it. Well, the exposure seems to be complete. We are told that the Academy of Music, New York, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and that at times the wildest excitement prevailed. Hundreds had come to see the originators of their faith destroy it at one stroke.

The stale, flat and unprofitable remarks that are usually made upon the weather have very often the additional demerit of being untrue. With the wind chilling one's marrow, and the rain spoiling one's favourite coat, the well-meaning but misguided individual is in error when he says "nice day." This is an error into which I have occasionally seen people fall. The gentleman whose collar is like a concertina and whose face is like the proverbial beet, has a good deal to bear when asked: "Is it hot enough for you?" A gentleman in this condition was asked this question once, in my presence, last summer, and I immediately rebuked the interrogator. The same question had, no doubt, been pestering the sufferer a dozen times before, and besides, it was a self-evident proposition. Probably when some people reach the bourne of brimstone, their first question will be: "Is it hot enough for you?" But it is not everyone who can talk like Mr. Burroughs, about wind and weather, so we must be patient.

THE HALF-BREED BEAUTY.—Last week a small party of Eastern gentlemen on a hunting and pleasure expedition lost their way and wandered to the Indian agency. In the company was Henry Ashburton, a wealthy young man, of Leeds, Eng. Here he made the acquaintance of the daughter of the leading chief, which ripened into love, and they were married at once. The maiden is a Half-Breed about 18 years of age. Her face is white and delicate, and in society and fashionable garments no one would ever suspect that she was of Indian parentage.



THE "LANCASHIRE RECEPTION COMMITTEE,"
ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES' VISIT TO TORONTO.



ALDERMAN JOHN HALLAM, OF TORONTO.

From a photograph by Gagen & Fraser.



HON. JOHN HAGGART, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From a photograph by Topley.



MOUNT CARROLL, SELKIRK, SHEWING NO. 1 SNOWSHED ON THE C. P. R'Y.

From a photograph by Notman.



LADY STANLEY.—Lady Stanley, of Preston, whose portrait graces the present issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, K. G., who died in 1870. Her brothers are the present Earl of Clarendon, Colonel George Villiers, Grenadier Guards, late Military Secretary to the Governor-General of India, and now Military Attaché at Berlin, and Francis Villiers, in the Diplomatic Service. The Countess of Latham and Lady Amphill, the widow of the late Lord Amphill, better known as Lord Odo Russell, are sisters of Lady Stanley. Her Ladyship's father was ambassador at Madrid, and successively Lord Privy Seal, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and three times Foreign Secretary in the British Government. Her Ladyship married Colonel Honourable F. A. Stanley, M. P., Grenadier Guards, now His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, in 1864, and became the mother of ten children, nine of whom are still living. Her eldest son, Edward, who is expected shortly in Canada to take up the duties of A. D. C. to his father, is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, from which regiment His Excellency has selected the whole of his staff. The son's engagement to Lady Alice Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, has just been announced. Lady Stanley has one daughter, a pretty girl of about fourteen years of age. There are three ladies in Canada with their Excellencies—the Honourable Mrs. Colville, wife of the Military Secretary and sister of Captain Streatfield, who was Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne; Mrs. Bagot, wife of Captain Bagot, Private Secretary, and Miss Lister, Lady Stanley's cousin. The hostess of Rideau Hall seems to enter thoroughly into every phase of Canadian life, and to make herself quite at home amongst all classes of Canadians. She has accompanied her husband wherever he has been since their arrival in the Dominion, and has worked indefatigably to make herself acquainted with all the institutions and features of our great Dominion. On the other hand, Lady Stanley may rely on the constant welcome, the esteem and the affection of Canadian families throughout the Dominion, as her gracious predecessors, Lady Dufferin, Princess Louise, and Lady Lansdowne before her.

HON. J. G. HAGGART.—The new Postmaster-General, although still in the prime of life, is an old parliamentarian, having first tried his fortunes for the Ontario Legislature in 1867—the year of Confederation. He is of Scotch parentage, and was born at Perth, Ontario, on the 14th November, 1836. For several years he was chief magistrate of Perth, where he is a well-to-do mill owner. He entered the Dominion Parliament in 1872 for South Lanark, and has been returned consecutively ever since through five electoral contests. His Parliamentary services have been steady, and his use to his party of such avail that he was taken into the Cabinet last summer as head of the vast department of the Post Office.

MOUNT CARROLL, WITH SNOWSHED.—In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 22nd September, No. 12, we published a view of Mount Carroll, of the mighty Selkirk range. To-day we give another view of surpassing boldness and wildness, a mass of rock towering a mile and a quarter above the railway in almost vertical height, its numberless pinnacles piercing the very zenith. Its base is but a stone's-throw distant, and it is so sheer, so bare and stupendous, and yet so near, that one is overawed by a sense of immensity and mighty grandeur. This is the climax of mountain scenery!—In passing before the face of this gigantic precipice, the line clings to the base of Hermit Mt., and, as the station at Roger's Pass is neared, its clustered spires appear, facing those of Mt. Carroll, and nearly as high. These two matchless mountains were once apparently united, but some great convulsion of nature has split them asunder, leaving barely room for the railway. All of the difficulties of the railway from snow in the winter occur between Bear Creek and the summit on the east and for a similar distance on the west slope of the Selkirks, and these have been completely overcome by the construction, at vast expense, of sheds, or more properly tunnels, of massive timber work. These are built of heavy squared cedar timber, dove-tailed and bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain sides in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche. At the foot of Mount Carroll is built what is called Snowshed No. 1.

WEST OTTERTAIL MOUNTAIN.—We are here on the western slope of the famous Kicking Horse Pass, so praised by the exploring engineers. The valley is formed by the Wapta or Kicking Horse river. At the left the highest peaks of the Ottetail Mts. rise abruptly to an immense height; and, looking south, a magnificent range of peaks extends in orderly array toward the southeast as far as the eye can reach. These are the Beaverfoot Mts. At the right, Mt. Hunter pushes his huge mass forward like a wedge between the Ottetail and Beaverfoot ranges. The river turns abruptly against his base and plunges into the lower Kicking Horse canyon. The names Ottetail and Beaverfoot are beautiful, and it requires no great stretch of the traveller's eye to acknowledge the truth of the red man's fancy in thus calling them.

JACK ASHORE.—We have no hesitation in saying that our readers have not had the pleasure of seeing a finer picture than this in any of the foregoing numbers. At first sight it might answer for the scene of meeting of Little Em'ly and Steerforth, on the Yarmouth sands, only the handsome rascal that blighted the home of the Peggottys was not clad in sailor's garb, nor bore the manly heart of honest Jack. There is no tragedy here, only the sweet story of love, under the brooding heavens, and in sight and sound of the summer sea. The two old hulks, at right angles to each other, with their thatched roofs and dangling shutters, the dismantled hulls in the offing, and the spars and canvas on the level beach, form the framework, and are the silent witnesses of the sweet interview after the long cruise. Jack is arrayed at his best, in regulation trouser, jacket and cap, dashed to one side; cape spread, with woman's taste, around his neck and shoulders; his left hand resting on his hip, while his right, behind his back, holds a willow wand, looped at end, like a lover's knot. The sailor boy is well to look upon, but what shall we say of Susan? Full in the midst of the picture is she, seated on a wicker chair, in white apron, stomacher and coif, mending a snow-white net, the work forsooth of her own skilful fingers, and as delicate as lace. Susan is listening to Jack's tale of the sea, pending the sweeter hour of sunset when they shall talk of something else that is nearer to their hearts. The girl's face is one of wholesome English beauty, full of health and soul, as we often see them on the storm-beaten coasts of the Serpentine.

MANITOBA RAILWAY WAR.—Once more we are enabled to give our readers the first and only pictorial history of the railway warfare between the Manitoba Government and the Canadian Pacific. The photographs from which the sketches are made were taken on the grounds and sent us. The first represents a C.P.R. engine across the North Pacific and Manitoba, showing the extension on the Portage la Prairie side, of the C. P. R. track. The second shows the C. P. R. engine, the C. P. R. special police, the "Fence," and the hand car on the N. P. & M. The third gives the C. P. R. running two engines down the track to the crossing of the N. P. & M. The fourth shows the C. P. R. engine just dumped alongside the first, of which the cabin and smoke stack can be seen on the farther side.

CANOE LAKE.—This drawing, by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., represents the southern entrance to Canoe Lake, which is situated on the south branch of the Muskoka River, something over a hundred miles north of Lake of Bays, where the settlements may be said to end. As it is so far away and unapproachable, except by canoes, it is still in its original wild state, and is noted as being the centre of a good hunting and trapping district, where bear, mink, otter, fisher, and even beaver, are still to be found. The artist camped on the point to the left of the picture, finding on his arrival a fresh moose track along the sandy beach, which he followed some distance without success. While camping there a deer hunt by wolves took place, the deer taking the water back of the point. Immediately on reaching the lake the old wolves of the party pulled up short, knowing it was waste of time and energy to go farther, but the young and inexperienced ones dashed into the water and struck out for fifty or a hundred yards, when they gave up in despair.

LA CLOCHE MOUNTAINS.—After calling at the Hudson's Bay post of La Cloche in travelling toward Garden River and the Sau't, the steamer passes by almost innumerable islands, mostly covered with trees, pine, spruce and birch predominating. On looking back toward the mountains, the spectator is struck with the wonderful difference the perpetually changing foreground makes in the pictures presented, while the barren, gloomy La Cloche Mountains remain much the same, until, turning of a deeper and deeper neutral blue, they sink behind the islands and are things of the past.

LITERARY NOTES.

A second edition of "Fleur de Lys," by Arthur Weir, is shortly to be published. This is the best proof of popular favour.

Three Rivers is going to have a new bi-weekly paper, called *Le Trifluvien*, to be thoroughly Conservative in principles of church and statecraft.

The *Index of Current Events* is the name of a new weekly published by Mr. Henry Dalby, of the *Star*, for the purposes of research. It will be found invaluable for editorial work.

Arthur Weir is receiving substantial honours. Five of his poems and a biographical sketch of two pages' length have appeared in the eleventh series of Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," just out. We shall give further particulars next week.

A little book entitled "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," something in the style of "The Battle of Dorking," has been issued in the United States by Samuel Barton. It gives an account, supposed to be written in 1930, of the bombardment and destruction of the city of New York by a British fleet in May, 1890.

Special attention is called to the sketch in this issue entitled "The Drunkard's Daughter," modestly signed "H. C." From a wide experience the editor is bold to say that a better piece of satirical writing, with an ending of God's own benediction upon the repentant and reformed, has never come under his eye. "H. C.'s" story is a little masterpiece.

RECEPTION TO LORD STANLEY IN TORONTO

BY THE LANCASHIRE LADS AND LASSES.

On Tuesday, 11th September, at about 5.30 p. m., the Vice-Regal party drove from the Public Library to Linden Villa, the residence of Ald. Hallam, to receive an address from the Lancashire Lads and Lasses.

Here an agreeable surprise awaited the distinguished visitors. As Lord and Lady Stanley, accompanied by Miss Lister and Col. Colville, his aide-de-camp, alighted from their carriage a splendid brass band struck up "God save the Queen." As they passed under a beautiful floral arch bearing these devices, "Welcome," "Stanley for Ever," "Prosperity to Lancashire," "Our Queen and Country," "Canada our Home," they were met by Ald. Hallam, Mr. Henry W. Neville, Mr. David Smith and Mr. Owen, who escorted the party through a regular avenue of people all of whom watched the procession with uncovered heads.

His Lordship was led to a neat little dais richly carpeted and adorned with exotics and deep-coloured foliage plants. On this were three seats provided for Lord and Lady Stanley and Miss Lister.

As soon as they were seated handsome bouquets were presented to Lady Stanley and Miss Lister by two of the alderman's children, Annie and Douglas Hallam, each receiving a kiss from the pleased recipients. After three ringing cheers for the Governor-General, Alderman Hallam read the following address which was artistically illuminated and engrossed on vellum with designs emblematic of the trade and commerce of Lancashire.

THE LANCASHIRE ADDRESS.

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, G. C. B., Baron Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, etc., etc.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

We, the undersigned, on behalf of the Lancashire lads and lasses residing in Toronto and vicinity, have much pleasure in tendering to you and Lady Stanley a most hearty welcome to our midst.

We are delighted that her Majesty, our beloved Queen, has for the first time appointed as Governor-General of our Dominion of Canada a Lancashire nobleman, a scion of the ancient and distinguished house of Stanley.

We beg to assure your Excellency that we have found a good home in Canada, that we are happy and contented, proud of our adopted country, and though far away from dear old England, that we have not lost any of our love or veneration for our native land and her time-honoured institutions.

We desire through you to express to her Majesty our devoted loyalty to her crown and person, and our earnest prayer that she may long continue, in harmony and peace with all nations, to reign over that vast Empire on which the sun never sets.

Again extending to your Excellency a cordial Lancashire welcome on the occasion of your first visit to the Queen City of the West, we bespeak for you a prosperous and successful term of office during your administration as her Majesty's representative over the Dominion of Canada.

THE REPLY.

Lord Stanley, in reply, said: MR. HALLAM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am extremely indebted to you for the kindness of your address. I cannot find words to express my feelings of gratitude. The Governor-General of this Dominion is supposed to be an absolutely impartial being, one who knows neither class, nor nationality, nor politics.

A Lancashire Lad—You are a good old Tory. (Laughter and applause.)

Lord Stanley—But notwithstanding all this there are times one cannot disassociate himself from early recollections, and when not even the most rigid constitutionalist can say that he is in error. On this occasion there is in my heart a warm response to the kindly greetings from my Lancashire friends. (Applause.) A great many people seem to form their ideas of Lancashire from those who come from Wigan or Warrington on a wet day. (Laughter.) Now it does seem a difficult problem to solve why it is that every Lancashire man has such a strong devotion for his country. I have often tried to solve it but failed; and I find that it is just as strong here as it is in Lancashire. Distance is disappearing more and more every day by means of the steam-boat and railroad, and we may be said to be very much nearer our old homes now than we would be years ago. I am prompted to say that Lancashire men have the genius of coming to the front and holding their own no matter where they are to be found. With all diffidence to the Mayor and the other gentlemen who are not as favoured in this respect as we are—(laughter)—I say that those two qualifications

have done much for the prosperity of this Dominion. Whatever work comes in the way of the Lancashire man he throws his whole heart into it. There is an earnestness about the men from our county, no matter what they take in hand. I don't know whether these qualities will stand me for the five years I hope to be among you, but so far I have been met more than half way by the kindness shown me wherever I have been in your Dominion, and in no place more than in this fair city of yours. (Applause.) Lady Stanley is not a Lancashire lady by birth, but she is one by adoption and grace. (Laughter.) I find the gentlemen of the press busy here as everywhere else, to find out how many times it is possible for a man to convey a like sentiment in different sentences. (Laughter.) I have been presented with about a dozen addresses within the past 48 hours, and if I have repeated myself you must excuse me. I am glad to see so many Lancashire lads and lassies here, but I find that Mr. Hallam has abandoned the term as it used to be. We did not call them Lancashire lasses, but Lancashire witches. (Laughter.) Well, Lancashire lads and lasses, or witches, I thank you every one for the kindness of the reception you have accorded to me this evening.

The Lancashire lads and lasses were then presented, also the other visitors present, among whom were Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sheriff Mowat, Hon. G. W. Ross, Col. G. T. Denison, Col. F. C. Denison, M. P., Archdeacon Boddy, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Rev. Dr. Dewar, Dr. Davidson, Rev. John Neil, Dr. and Mrs. White, Judge and Mrs. Paterson, Judge McDougall, Prof. Hirschfelder, David Walker and daughters, C. R. W. Biggar, City Solicitor Rich. Lewis, G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., Lieut.-Col. Allan, Adjutant Manley, Capt. Mason, R. S. Williams and wife, of Goderich, Chas. Newberry, of Hamilton, John Newton and Mrs. Newton, of Limehouse, Thos. Apsden, of Blackburn, Lancashire, Geo. H. Robinson, Mr. Gregg and Mr. Darby, of the *News*, Mr. Harry Cockin, Mr. N. Maughan, Mr. Coatsworth, Mr. R. T. Coady, Mr. Frank Somers, Wm. Ince, Phillip and Mrs. Jamieson, Miles Pennington, V. Pennington, John Morrison and Mrs. Morrison, His Worship the Mayor, and most of the members of the City Council.

His Excellency and party then withdrew, having viewed with delight the exquisite decorations of the grounds. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns of varied hues, and worked into novel and artistic devices, were suspended from the trees or hung from wire-work in all directions. These together with the beautiful shrubbery, fine trees, and a great variety of exquisite flowers and plants, combined to make an exceedingly pleasing effect and to render the alderman's hospitable mansion and his well kept grounds in appearance as gay and lightsome as the heart of a lass of Lancashire. The names of the Lancashire lads and lasses were as follows:—

Geo. Bruckshaw, of Ashton-under-Lyne; John Gowland, Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Redford, Joseph Redford, jun., all of Bolton; Mrs. Shuttleworth, of Bacup; John Fletcher, Richard Finch, of Blackburn; J. W. Green-Armistage, Edward Hodgson, Thomas Hogarth, Myles Pennington, all of Lancaster; Mrs. G. C. Elliott, Mrs. R. Dickson, Albert Unsworth, Richard Unsworth, Mrs. James Patterson, William D. Firstbrook, G. Gowland, John Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lewis, Miss Jones, James Stewart, Frederick Rolling, David Smith, Mrs. Annie Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macrae, A. M. Macrae, J. A. Macrae, H. H. Macrae, W. Macrae, E. Macrae, Eva Macrae, Alfred Sanders, Alfred Wibby, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Barstow, all of Liverpool; F. Bailey, Mrs. Bailey, William Walmesley, of Bury; Jas. Duckworth, Esther Hannah Duckworth, J. T. Hentig, John Sinclair, Wm. Braybrook Bayley, Wm. Bayley, C. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hilton, Ruth Hilton, A. W. Armstrong, A. C. Bird, Wm. Lea, John Lea, J. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dawes, Miss Jones, James Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, John Bromley, George Bromley, Albert Bromley, Harry Bromley, M. A. Bromley, T. D. Bromley, B. Bromley, Capt. Leach, W. F. Peurice, George Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Coxen, Mr. Geo. Coxen, Geo. Brooks, jun., Geo. Brooks, sen., Wm. A. Firstbrook, J. G. Owen, Rev. C. H. Banning, Frank Vipond, Ben. Sykes, James Salthouse, Arthur Heath, Wm. Barker, all of Manchester; W. H. Hodgkinson, John Hallam, James Hallam, S. Burgess, James Swift, John Brindle, Mrs. Susan Robins, Mrs. Alice Clegg, Joseph Holden, Nancy Holden, G. Trotter Carr, John Green, Thos. Ironfield, all of Chorley; Mrs. Mercer, John Clegg, Hannah Baxendale, Richard Hunt, John Baxendale, William Pearson, V. Pennington, Elijah and Elijah Alma Simmons, all of Preston; Henry Newham, Mr. and Mrs. Fitten, of Oldham; H. Butterworth, Zeph Hilton, Eliza Hilton, H. D. Collingwood, Jas. Bamford, Jas. Clegg, Mrs. Clegg, Miss Alice Clegg, Wm. Bamford, R. C. Healey, Edmund Butterworth, William Butterworth, Lord Tom Whitehead, all of Rochdale; Isaac Whatmough, Rawtenstall; Ernest Ashead, Stockport; John Johnson, Mrs. E. P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, all of Wigan; Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Ramsay, F. Dignum, Capt. G. M. Furnival, Geo. Furnival, J. A. Dignum, J. E. Hall, all of Warrington; G. F. Frankland, of Barrowford; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Walsh, of Duttonfield; James Cropper, Oldham; A. Cockburn, Liverpool; F. P. Armstrong, Manchester; E. French, Jno. Sharp, Liverpool; R. H. Hargreaves, Preston; Mr. S. E. Mitchell, Miss Annie Parker, Mr. Edward Stock, Mr. and Mrs. Rumney, Robert Rumney, James Rumney, Margaret Rumney, Michael Woods, Charles Forest, E. Worthington, Mrs. Williamson, John S. Lightbound, Thomas H. Cartwright, Benjamin Wilkinson, James Wilkinson, Thomas Wilkinson, Joseph Wilkinson, Edward Wilkinson, Maria Wilkinson, Mary Wilkinson, Richard Bottomley, Annie Bottomley, Wm. Jolly, Martha Jolly, Joseph Jolly, Elizabeth Turner, John Turner, James Turner, Hannah Turner, George Booth, Henry Goss, John Goss, W. B. Oxley, Wm. Breckell, Joseph Kettle, Samuel Howard, Jos. Farnworth, Thos. Barnett, John M. Sharp, Henry Finch, Oliver Oswald, James Hill Robinson, J. T. Williamson, Charles Cheetham, Edward Rogers, Richard Bond, Reginald H. A. Pugh, John Morris, Samuel Kettle, Fred. Houghton,

Joseph Houghton, Richard Fielding, Wm. Hall, Robert Woodward, Mrs. George Moody, T. Helliwell, James Bond, Wm. Hacking, Dr. White, Thos. Lamb, S. E. Mitchell, Jas. Stewart, Henry Newham, John Johnson, Miles Turner, Thos. Hogarth, Chas. Forest, John Hugh W. Jones, Hy. Maltyn Neville, Mrs. M. U. Neville, Mrs. M. S. Taylor, Wm. J. Dugdale, James Haskins.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

Replying to my inquiry, in the last "Literary Notes," about the brotherhood of Goodridge B. Roberts and Charles G. D. Roberts, both of King's College, N. S., to-day, a kinsman of theirs at Ottawa—one of whom one must live in dread, as he is a sharp critic—writes me that the former is a younger brother of the latter. They are the sons of the Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, Rector of Fredericton (always known by his second name), whose mother, Emily (Goodridge) Roberts, is widow of the late George Roberts, Ph. D., Fredericton.

This lady's brother, Lieutenant Goodridge (trusting to imperfect memory for the rank) was an officer of H. M. Navy, on board the Royal Yacht conveying Prince Albert to England on the occasion of the royal wedding. The Prince, overflowing with hilarity, is said to have had a high old time in his cabin, in the midst of which the royal chamber vessels suffered destruction. The pieces were carefully picked up and preserved by the officers, and the water basin of the set, skilfully cemented, now serves as a card receiver on a side table in Mrs. Robert's parlour.

From Charles George Douglas Roberts, poet and philosopher, I have received a charming note, very complimentary to the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* and its editor, following an equally flattering estimate written by him in the *Progress*, an able literary paper of St. John, N. B., and in the note there are two welcome poems—one from a young and literary friend of his, and another from himself. *Place aux dames!* The former is published at once, hereunder; the latter will appear next week.

TOUT POUR L'AMOUR.

The world may rage without,
Quiet is here;
Statesmen may toil and shout,
Cynics may sneer;
The great world,—let it go,
June warmth be March's snow,
I care not,—be it so,
Since I am here.

Time was when war's alarm
Called for a fear,
When sorrow's seeming harm
Hastened a tear.
Naught care I now what foe
Threatens,—for scarce I know
How the year's seasons go,
Since I am here.

This is my resting place,
Holy and dear;
Where pain's dejected face
May not appear.
This is the world to me,
Earth's woes I will not see,
But rest contentedly,
Since I am here.

Is your voice chiding, Love,
My mild career,
My meek abiding, Love,
Daily so near?
"Danger and loss" to me?
Ah, sweet, I fear to see
No loss but loss of *Thee*,
And I am here.

Windsor, N. S.

SOPHIE M. ABMORE.

I am told by a literary friend that Douglas B. W. Sladen, the Australian poet, novelist and critic, and now moving in leading English literary circles, has arrived in Boston on a winter's visit to the United States and Canada. His object is to gather material for an anthology, "The Younger Poets of America," including Canadian names. He will time his stay in Montreal with the Carnival, at the beginning of February.

Dr. Prosper Bender, of Boston, sends me a reprint of a short paper of his published in the *Magazine of American History*, and entitled "A New France in New England." The matter is treated with wisdom and moderation, the writer admitting that the so-called "Repatriation" is a

dream, and that these settlers, by marriage, naturalization, and the all-absorbing influence of the English language, will become thoroughly American by the next generation.

A clever correspondent from the North-West writes me about the curiosity of the Copyright League being almost wholly composed of booksellers and publishers. It seems to him that the men really interested in the matter are the authors. "The publisher's lawful prey is the author, and my experience is that a publisher who has been made feel the punishment is ten times more unmerciful than if he had never tasted. I hope the league is not a combine, though it looks very much like it."

I attended the unveiling of the Sharpshooter's Memorial, on the 1st of the month, at Ottawa. There I met Mr. Percy Woods, the sculptor, whom I have known for some years, since he wrought the statue of Brant, the Mohawk chief. In this instance the artist has worked equally well, the figure being massive and strong. The guardsman leans heavily on his carbine, with hands clasped on the butt. The statue was much admired as a work of art, in which the technics are well observed, but many would have preferred the free and easy undress uniform of the free-shooter, the *freischutz*, the *franc-tireur*, or the cowboy, as many of these prairie rovers were.

TALON.



The Fisheries Department is considering regulations relating to British Columbia fisheries.

The lumber cut on Lake Winnipeg this year amounted to about 7,000,000 feet, worth \$13 per 1,000 feet.

Quebec farmers are daily sending large quantities of vegetables to the Montreal and Western markets.

The Canadian Pacific intend establishing large cattle yards at Strathmore, near Calgary, in the spring.

The Montreal Carnival Committee has collected \$18,000 of the \$20,000 required to begin the carnival season.

There is a great demand on the Liverpool Corn Exchange for samples of Manitoba wheat. Nine shillings and threepence to nine shillings and sixpence per cental is quoted. The best Californian is only 8s. 5d., and the best Russian, which should compete with the Manitoban, only 8s. 3d.

The new Dominion Government's steel screw steamer, 1,000 tons registered, for winter service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland, launched at Govan, is regarded as eminently fitted to resist the pressure of the ice. She has been named the "Stanley," after the Governor-General of Canada.

Truro, Nova Scotia, is one of the cleanest towns in Canada and the seat of several factories. Of these there is a hat factory, several planing mills, a grist mill, a woollen mill, machine shops, a last factory, and last, but not least, a factory for preparing and putting up condensed milk, and a preparation of milk, sugar and coffee.

The half-yearly dividends of a number of Canadian banks for the current period were being prepared last week, or have recently been declared. That of the Bank of Montreal declared on Friday week was at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, that of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at seven, the Merchants' at seven, the Bank of Toronto at eight, the Ontario and Standard at seven, the Bank of Hamilton at eight. These are all, so far, at the same rates as last year.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The god of Day is sinking in the West,
On lands more fair to dawn beyond the wave,
But in these fields his burning feet have press'd,
Orange and green are blending o'er his grave:
The babel strife of tongues is hushed to peace,
A ruddy glow is on the window panes
Of rustic cottages where toilers cease,
And in whose hearts the calm of even reigns.

So, grandly moveth *he** unto his rest,
Whose light has led the lesser lords of doom,
And thrilled to life the Emerald of the West,
Whose aftermath of glory c'er his tomb
Shall gleam the dying factions high above,
Orange and Green—the purple light of love.

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

* Mr. Gladstone.



WEST OTTERTAIL MOUNTAIN, LEANCHOIL, ROCKIES.

From a photograph by Notman.



JACK ASHORE.

From the painting by Henry Bacon.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company

The Drunkard's Daughter.

I.

Jack Tretop was on his way home, sullen, his heart full of wickedness, and drunker than usual.

It was a very curious thing about Jack Tretop, that he rarely, if ever, found his way home in any other condition than this; and there were not wanting some reputed wise men in the neighbourhood who were ready to recklessly hazard their existence on the truth of the conclusion, that had he taken it into his head any night to come home sober, it would have been absolutely impossible for him to have found the house.

Of course, he never thought of giving himself so much trouble as this, and it seemed as though his drunkenness became worse, and his wickedness more wicked, the very instant his foot touched his own threshold, wherein was the only being in the wide world who loved and watched him and took care of him.

People said he had killed his wife. His wife, could her testimony have been procured, would have said he hadn't—of course, she wouldn't!—and Jack Tretop would have chimed in with her handsomely and cursed the people up and down into the bargain. He took no blame on himself for it—not he! and for all the wreck and ruin in which it was the greatest and the termination, he acknowledged no responsibility.

Professedly cognizant of his demerits, the enumeration of all the faults known to mortal man elicited no admission from Jack that he possessed a single one of them. Nor did this amiable peculiarity assert itself in a like fashion in his recognition of his wife. On the contrary, the virtues and love-deserving qualities on the other side of the house were distorted with the greatest ease to serve as the gravest faults. For this would-be-thought-a-martyr persisted, with a ridiculous obstinacy, which increased in proportion as the belief in his vice, his harshness and the brutish results of his love of drink became more general, that the noble-minded wife, with her ever-proffered forgiveness, her cheering word, and her patient, forbearing spirit, was foremost among the persons whom he termed his persecutors; that the sitting-up for him past the hour of midnight—so weary after her hard day's work, that, as a means to wakefulness, she feigned the employment of those tears, which, poor soul! she knew were only too ready to flow of their own accord—was simply for the purpose of collecting material for a denunciation of him to the neighbours later on in the morning; and that, in short, he was the most abused, the most belittled and the most innocent man that ever was created. When his wife died everyone thought he would turn over a new leaf. But he didn't—or if he did, he only turned it half way; and it was a merciful thing for one other woman that he did not marry again, although little Widow Bailey, who kept the store full of sweetmeats on the corner, used to say that it was only the drunken carrying-on that was the matter with Jack Tretop; that you could not have found a better man, when he was sober, if you had hunted the whole world over, and that she, being a widow, was ready to take Jack Tretop whenever he liked to say the word.

Jack was often drunk at the "shop." The shop belonged to James Dricken & Co., brass and iron founders, and as Jack was a good workman, at any time, he contrived to get drunk on a great many occasions without any notice being taken of it; so that it seemed as though nobody cared whether he got drunk or not. But Jack did not stop at that. It was certainly a privilege which had been jumped at by a great many other men, but Jack wearied of it. Fighting was better—and enjoyed concurrently with the other:—positive bliss. The poor fellow had no one to fight with at home now. To be sure, there was Lilly; but she did not suit him exactly, and although he treated her to a cuff now and then, to keep himself from going crazy through sheer inactivity, he sighed for larger game. And in the shop, one fine afternoon, he found his larger game, and a lively time he had with it, and came

out second. Fate was against him truly, for while he was glad to retire with that distinction, he found that he had not only got out of a scrape, but out of a situation as well.

And that is the reason why Jack Tretop was on his way home, sullen, his heart full of wickedness, and drunker than usual.

II.

Yes; he was going home to his little daughter, Lilly. Lilly was the housekeeper now, and had father's supper keeping warm in the oven of the neat little stove, on which a little kettle sat, humming the water to boil for father's tea.

And Lilly was humming, too, while preparing things for father's return; now darting to the dresser, and jumping back again to the table; now deftly spreading the snowy cloth and placing father's knife and fork, with wonderful exactness, at the edge of the very centre of it, and at every dart and every jump breaking forth again in her humming with a corresponding force, so that it really seemed as though she and the little kettle on the stove were trying to out-do each other in their efforts to appear happy.

Let us follow the man for whom these preparations are making. A loving solicitude for father's precious neck had placed a lamp in the window facing the street, so that Jack Tretop is enabled by its bright path, to see just where to put his foot. Here, then, Jack—here's where some one thinks of you. Is it love? No, no; rubbish! It can't be. Fear, Jack, that's what it is—fear. Ha, ha! A chit of a girl! But don't deal hardly with the little thing, Jack. Though it's through fear—interest on only love—remember what she is to you.

The drunkard stumbles along the walk, jerks open the gate, and flinging it from him with a great bang, pounds heavily up the three steps—kept neat and clean by the little hands within. Ah! Jack; no one will gainsay you here at least. Here no one will dismiss you, nor remonstrate with you, nor speak to you harshly. Pooh! What is a handle to a spirited fellow like you? Burst it in and be done with it! There! And bravely done, Jack!

The heavy boot is through it in a trice, and the door flies open. Lilly shrinks back affrighted, but seeing her father, runs up and speaks to him kindly—gazing, gazing in his face. But she does not need to gaze long. She sees it; expects nothing else.

Look at her! A mere child—not more than eleven, at the very most—whose pale, set features, giving you not so much the idea of the consciousness of trouble and of well-dissembled fear, as of a little life of cares, which, though borne and gone through as if it had been in the natural course of things, has, yet insensibly, left its mark behind.

Poor child! She knows of no other life; of a happier home, where heavy blows are never dealt and unkind words unknown; knows nothing of a kind father, who gathers his children caressingly about him and forgets his cares and worries in their simple merriment. It is not for her to cope with Jack Tretop in his drunken moods, not for her to perish as the mother reached the grave—surely not!

The drunkard flings aside her helping hand and takes his place at the table, devouring his meal as only drunkards can, while Lilly, seated opposite, foresees and fills his every need. But Lilly has never seen her father in such a plight before. Despair is plainly perceptible in his face, even through the dreadful veil of intoxication, but it is still more apparent in his actions, in his reckless disregard for the uses of the articles that come to his hand; for although Jack's understanding has not been so impaired as to leave him ignorant of the precocity of the child's, he is sufficiently unmindful of her notice as to help himself to butter with the teaspoon, and—after the manner of his kind when a favourite article needs replenishing—to invert his plate, when he has emptied it, on the table. When Jack Tretop has finished, Lilly seats herself on the clean, bare floor beside him, and, raising her blue eyes, half-pleadingly, half-timidly, speaks to him.

"Tell me what has happened, father, please?"

Pooh! The child is bold, and Jack's shaggy brows come down with what may possibly be a crash, while two little indentations, resembling quotation marks, appear above his nose. It may be from the wicked fire in the little stove into which he is gazing, but—the child is bold, at any rate. No answer, but—yes: a curse! a something, of which, since the mother left her, she had not received quite so much as it was in the power of Jack Tretop to give. But he was still no niggard provider in this respect, and as it was a luxury which the child could very well do without, the erratic Jack felt the more impelled thereby to discharge himself of it in such measure as he withheld the common necessities of existence.

In this instance, however, he undergoes a singular change; the reason whereof is unknown, unless it be what he himself would ascribe: that the utterance unprecedentedly relieves. And as though he understood that the feeling is but momentary, he immediately discloses the cause of his gloom, which, he declares, is traceable to that cause, and to nothing else.

The child rises, shocked, and then, in her simple way, relates how the grocer had that morning refused her his wares until the bill for the last supply had been paid; how Dickey, in the dingy cage, which actually seems one hundred sizes too large for him, is without his delicious millet; and on giving some views of her own—like a careful little housekeeper that she is—on the propriety of their abridging the expenses, father's included, the drunkard flings out of his chair, and, with a dozen of oaths, raises his heavy hand—and is gone.

III.

The Widow Bailey's little sweetmeat shop was on a corner, as all well-regulated sweetmeat shops are; and as the widow, at a quarter before nine o'clock in the morning, was taking down the shutters, in the anticipation of the arrival of certain little spendthrifts on their way to school, and who regarded the little shop as a delightful half-way house as naturally as they did their school-room as a prison, it follows that she was on the corner, too. The principal thing in the northeast window of the little shop was a large theatrical show bill, which, representing as it did, a child and a fireman in the act of descending a flame-enveloped ladder with remarkably cheerful countenances, and representing, as it did *not*, whether the child was saving the fireman or the fireman the child, was the very thing to produce in the school children those spasms that are only to be relieved by sugar-sticks, jaw-breakers, or gum drops, or a mixture of the three. Now, the widow happened, on her return to the shop, to glance through the window at one side of this show bill, and what she saw at once disposed her to place her most saleable articles side by side on the little old show case, just where nobody could possibly help seeing them. But the widow was mistaken, for the first time in her life—which she could have told you, without a quiver or contortion of the face, had been a long one by no means. It was only Lilly—Lilly Tretop—with a black mark on her right cheek and her eyes, notwithstanding all her efforts to make them otherwise, surrounded by a tell-tale red.

The widow was a person accustomed to surprises, of which she had sustained, and was then sustaining, one, that very morning on the discovery of another sweetmeat shop a step or two away, and which had been fraudulently established in the stillness of the night before; but when, by dint of some questioning and much loving persuasion, she had ground out of Lilly what had happened, she felt all the breath in her body leaving her. For she loved the child dearly, and her regard for Jack Tretop suffered in consequence.

And when Lilly attacked her with another surprise, in the shape of what the widow looked upon as an absurd proposition, one surprise jumped on another, and the third on them both, and they fought and struggled and kicked, until the little Widow Bailey, in her perplexity, opened her eyes to such a width and with such expression

as convinced Lilly that they had been suddenly transformed into two of the little widow's own red-striped cent-bull's-eyes in the showcase.

But they soon regained their natural proportions, and the widow's brain, in the course of a minute or two, also came to itself and proceeded, after the manner of its owner in the shop, to sort and label the surprises one by one. Then the widow herself recovered, and, on coming to think of the proposition intelligently, decided that it was not so absurd after all. It was even the case that she was made to approve it strongly, and nothing would do but she must have a hand in its execution.

And so it happened that the little shop closed down at three o'clock sharp that afternoon, and that the little widow and Lilly appeared at the office of James Dricken & Co., brass and iron founders, arm-in-arm, the widow evincing about as much self-importance as any sensible little person of four feet ten can conscientiously entertain. James Dricken was not in, but the company, in the person of a young man in brass buttons, was. On this gentleman's learning such of their business as the little widow cared to communicate, he desired them to be seated; and, by way of rendering this proceeding as little troublesome as possible, through the ingenious and considerate method of minimizing their movements, and at the same time performing the dual representation forced upon him, he ensconced himself comfortably in two of the three chairs in the room, leaving the other for the little widow, and the little widow's lap for Lilly.

The little widow knew that some Companies have no existence in flesh and blood and digestive apparatus, and all that goes to make Companies intelligent and entertaining; or, in other words, were ghosts (so did Lilly); and she was, therefore, the better prepared for the fact that, while this was no ghost, he had far less ambition and far less action in his own affairs than usually characterizes the average ghost. The Company had a tongue, too. Lilly could see it when he yawned, and hear it in the intervals between the yawns, that flowed along at the rate of one a minute. The Company ignored the little widow altogether.

"You ain't a bad little girl," he said to Lilly. "Look like your father, too. But I don't see, really now, how you can care for such a bea—er, man, you know. And—er—"

"Anybody in, Tawdler?" called out the senior partner, from the hall. Then he entered—and oh! that was the man for the little widow—so large and so pleasant, that she could not quite make up her mind whether he were larger than pleasant, or whether it were the other way, but was ready, on that instant, to go back the way they came and to consider the errand done.

"No, sir," replied Tawdler; "nobody. By Jove! yes, there is, though. Parties in the chair there—friends of Tretop."

The senior partner turned. "Eh? The man discharged yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said the Company. "Habitual drunkard; fights the men. Wanted to fight me, too," he added, in an undertone, which, however, could be heard plainly.

"Bah!" exclaimed the widow.

"And you have come to intercede for your husband, ma'am?" asked James Bracken. "Too bad! Too bad! You need not tell me, my dear woman. While you are, unfortunately for yourself, better acquainted with your husband than I am, I know sufficient of him to be sure you come at no desire of his. And this is your little girl," he added, tickling Lilly's chin, and asking her kindly what she was doing away from school.

"Please, sir, I don't go to school," replied Lilly.

"Don't go to school? Then do you know, young lady," he asked, with mock severity, "that it is in my power, at this moment, to pack you off to school, and to keep you there till you make up for all this lost time? Don't go to school! What, then, do you do?"

Lilly laughed as she shortly answered:

"Keep house for father, sir."

Such a look as he gave her! The Widow Bailey was often heard to declare afterward that she hadn't seen anything like it since the time of Bailey himself.

"And you, ma'am, let me ask, are you, then, no relation of his?"

To see the widow then! She was no great speaker in that sort of affairs, and had some difficulty in explaining to the senior partner that she was then no relation of Jack Tretop's, and that in asking for his reinstatement she was only acting as a friend of Lilly's, and all that; but, gradually warming, she entered into such a minute and forcible description of the affairs of the little family, and worked herself into such a frightful degree of excitement, that Tawdler, who was given over to the mercy of strange ideas, instinctively laid hands on the babcock in the corner.

"My! my!—" began James Dricken.

"Ah, sir!" interrupted the little widow, "when I see you, a-my-myin' it comes to me you'll do it, sir. You've a kind heart, indeed you have. If it's only for this little chick"—laying her hand on Lilly's curly head—"which thought of the whole business, the darling! he'll quit drinkin', I know he will, sir, when he knows it. The angel!"

"Yes, yes; she is indeed a little angel," softly said the senior partner; and, stooping, he kissed her brightening face, whereat Tawdler, whose only efforts in the way of business were, happily, the outcome of nothing more than his ideas of the maintenance of the firm's dignity, was so overpowered as to be compelled to lean heavily against the copying press, and in order to do that gracefully, to take his hands out of his trousers' pockets, a thing he had never done, to his recollection, twice on any afternoon before.

And Lilly was successful in her mission. Of course, Tawdler could have had something to say about it, and for form's sake he was brought round to it; but he had no views of his own about the matter, except that he understood his readiness to consider it, if necessary, as a positive benefit to the firm.

And in the evening, when the kind-hearted little widow called at Jack Tretop's house, she found Lilly, on her father's knee, in the kitchen-parlour-dining-room, with the stove red hot, and the little kettle humming away, as though it were in sympathy with what was going on. For the tears were rolling down Jack Tretop's cheeks, and down Lilly's, too. But for all that, they were happier than they had ever been before—happier in Jack Tretop's sincere resolves for the future—happier in the engendering of an hitherto-unknown confidence and mutual love.

Man of drink! Would you dwell on these things? Could but one moment of softer feeling obtrude itself on the current of your daily thought, you would stop affrighted in your course of murder!—none the less murder that, in the present condition of the laws of man, it has not its just reward.

But there's a Law above, to whose Maker the dealer of slow murder shall be finally and terribly accountable, when the crime-stained soul shall vainly plead contrition, and hope shall have departed.

Montreal.

H. C.

AN OLD TIME TRAGEDY.—A very curious discovery has been made at Llantwit, in Glamorgan-shire, of remains of a large Roman villa and a military station, the area of the buildings, the foundations of which are already uncovered, being two acres. This in itself is important, because hitherto it was not known that the Romans had a military depot so far south as the Via Julia; but more striking is the discovery on the tessellated pavement of a great hall of 41 skeletons of men and women jumbled together as they would be if they had fallen in a massacre, some being crushed under the bones of horses. From the position of the bodies it is evident that there was a slaughter of the inmates after the villa had been sacked and so broken down as to admit horsemen. The theory of archæologists is that the remains relate to one of the massacres by Irish pirates who devastated the south of Wales in the fifth century.



Attorney General Blair, of New Brunswick, has met with a serious accident.

Governor Blake, of Newfoundland, has been appointed to the Governorship of Queensland.

Rev. A. J. Balfour has been formally inducted into the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Quebec. Several clergy and a large congregation were present.

The Doctor Ross, once of Montreal, is still an anti-vaccinationist, and is said to have siding with him eight physicians of Toronto, where he now dwells.

The appointment of Justice Patterson, of Toronto, to the Supreme Bench, and of Mr. McLennan as successor to the latter, is well viewed by all the papers of the country.

The banquet at Sherbrooke to the Hon. J. H. Pope was a great success. Mr. Pope has been thirty-one years in unbroken public life and thirteen as Cabinet minister.

Louis Lloyd and Garth Grafton, the two lady correspondents, who are gliding around the world, seem to be lingering in the Northwest as if loth to risk the briny for the Orient.

The first grand master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, M. W. Bro. John Hamilton Graham, LL.D., and he who gave his ninth annual address in 1883. Who is G.M. now?

Hon. Mr. Blake has travelled over the Canadian Pacific Railway as counsel for the company in the Onderdonk arbitration; admires the road very much; is in better health, and will take his seat at the next session.

Ernest J. Chambers, well known all through the country, has hung his "cross-sticks" after using for months after his late accident, and now goes about livelier than ever, manager and editor-in-chief of the *Calgary Herald*.

It is not decided that Sir John Macdonald will shortly proceed to England, where he will remain some time, and have a consultation with members of the Imperial Government on questions connected with the Fishery dispute.

Dr. George Dawson, of the Geological Survey, is coming East to prepare the report of his valuable explorations and discoveries. We have heard Sir William Dawson say that his son George knows more geology than ever he could pretend to.

It was given out in some paper that Sir Donald Smith had gone abroad for his health. We are in a position to state that, so far from this being the case, Sir Donald went off on business for the Hudson's Bay Company, and will shortly return to Canada.

Hon. Samuel Cornwallis Monk, Justice of the Quebec Court of Queen's Bench, died at Montreal, on the 29th October, at the age of 75. Beside his legal and judicial acquirements, he was one of the tallest, most dignified and handsome men in Canada.

Mr. W. H. Griffin, who for forty years was an official of the Post Office Department, and latterly for very many years Deputy Postmaster-General, was presented with an address and envelope containing a draft for £400 sterling, prior to his visit to Europe.

Mr. Percy Wood, sculptor, whose study is at Paradise Walk, Chelsea Embankment, has now endowed the country with two well wrought monuments—the statue of Brant, the Mohawk chief, and that of the Ottawa sharpshooters, Osgoode and Rogers, who fell at Cut Knife.

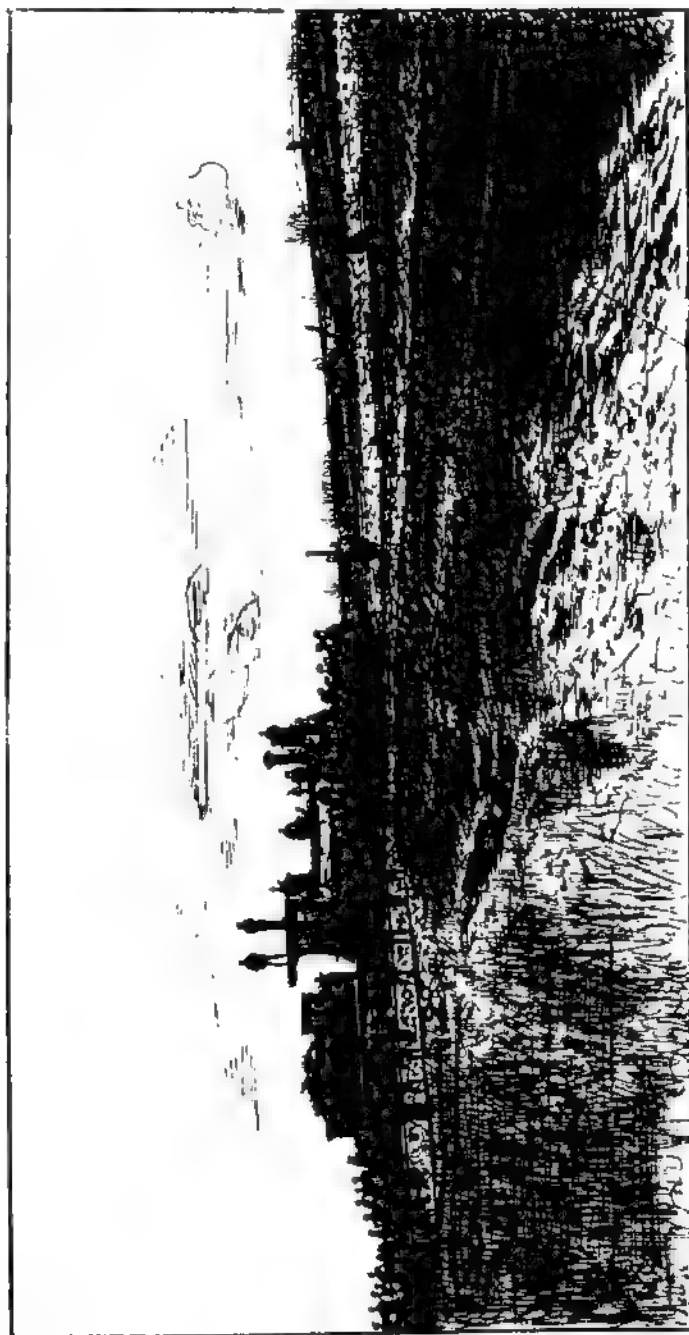
Mme. Patti has been awarded what is termed "les palmes academiques." It is an order which appertains to the University of France, but which is awarded on the initiative of the Ministre des Beaux-Arts, and is worn as a decoration. The order has very seldom been given to ladies, and is, therefore, deemed a very high distinction.

LINES.

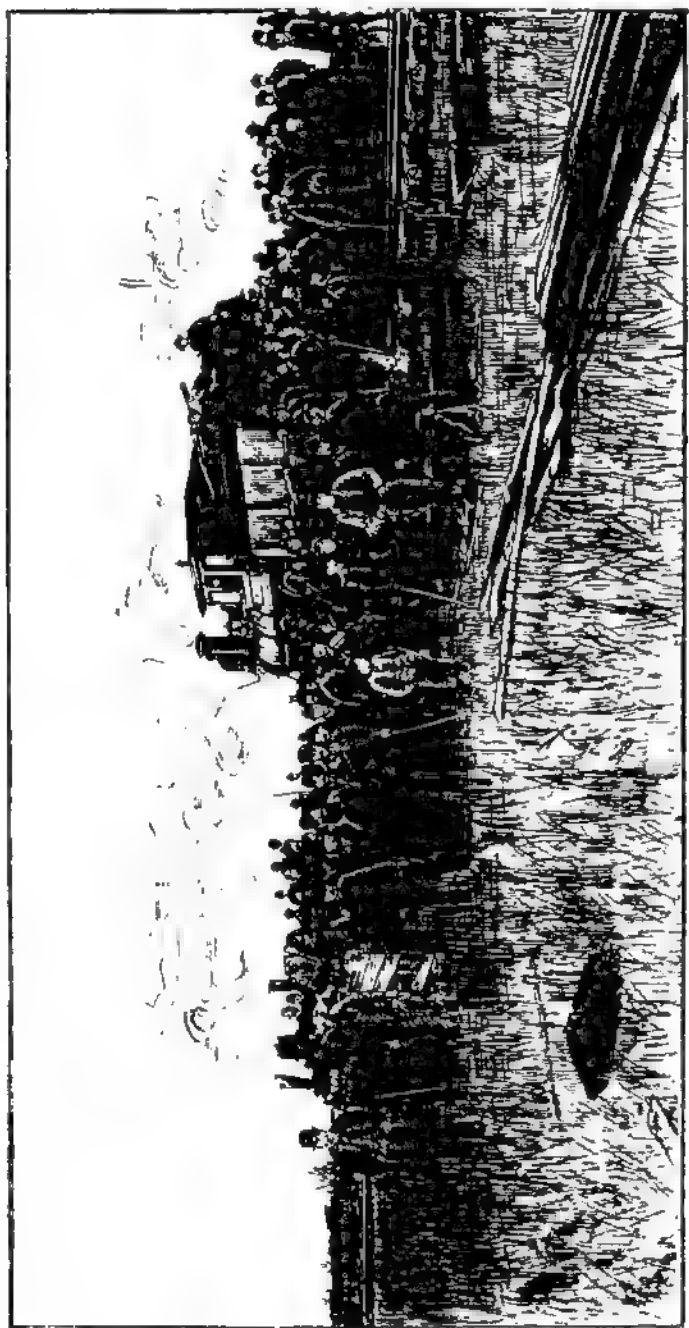
They say I am old. I suppose it is so.
Yet my youth to me seems not so long time ago.
My youth! My youth! It is with me yet.
I have dreams; I have hopes I would not forget,
Dreams of fulfilling great things—as of old,
Hopes—not to lead is turned all their gold,
Wishes—to leave the world richer by me.
Desires—that some things I may presently see.
Is it age when one lives in the heart of one's time?
Is one old though one's hair have a tinge of the rime?
Is not he old, though of years but a few,
Who hath not a care for the good and the true?
Sees the time slip with indifferent eye?
Scans but to sneer as the minutes file by?
Is not he old who hath no mark to make?
Is not he old who owns no one's sweet sake?
But I—I am young 'spite my turning grey hair.
For I for my fellows know many a care.
I for the world have a future set high
Which that she attain to I evermore try.
Has the world sorrow? My heart knows her pain.
Has she rejoicing? I'm merry again.
Nay: If I live 'till I die of my years
I shall die young—by my smiles and my tears.
Toronto.

S. A. C.

SKETCHES OF THE RAILWAY WAR IN MANITOBA.



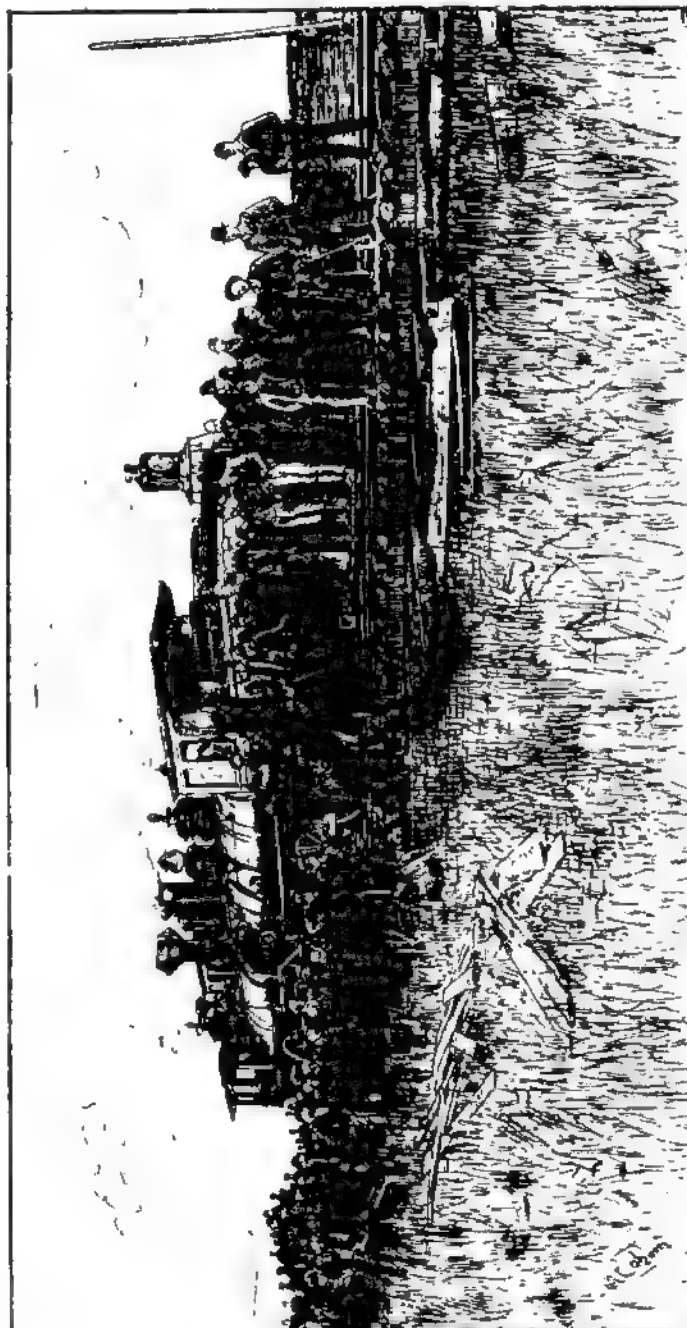
No. 1. C. P. R. Y engine at the crossing of the N. P. & M. R. Y. track, showing the extension on the Portage La Prairie side of the C. P. R. Y. track.



No. 2. C. P. R. Y special police; the fence; and the hand car on the N. P. & M. R. Y. track.



No. 3. C. P. R. Y running two engines down the track to the crossing of the N. P. & M. R. Y. track.



No. 4. Shewing the second C. P. R. Y engine just dumped alongside the first, of which the cabin and smoke stack can be seen on the further side.

From photograph by Bennett.

SKETCHES BY THOS. MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A.



CANOE LAKE, MUSKOKA R., ONT.



LA CLOCHE MOUNTAINS, GEORGIAN BAY, ONT.



BARMECIDE FEAST.—Gentlemen might be content to starve at an empty feast, but we are sure no ladies would, or, at least, they would take it out, as Sydney Henry Pierson does, in those pretty lines:

I saw a banquet, many guests were there
Who sat beside the board and made as though
They ate rich cates and drank red wine—And lo!
When I came near and looked, the board was bare.
But still they revelled, lifting high in air
Their empty glasses, seeming not to know
The truth. With flashing eyes and cheeks aglow
They sang of Love, the conqueror of care.
Is not the feast Lord Love himself hath spread
For thee and me as immaterial?
Who knows if it be really wine and bread
We drink and eat at this our festival?
Ah, Love! What matters it, so we are fed?—
If we believe so, faith atones for all.

THE DREAD OF DEATH.—Every man, when the time comes, goes, at least resigned, through the silent portal. They are no braver than others, but they have learned not to be scared at spectres. Very few men, in truth, are afraid to die when the point comes. They do not, as may be supposed, relish it, and they are anxious, as a rule, to live, so long as their chances are good and they do not suffer. When suffering grows acute their desire dwarfs (few of us but prefer death to pain), and when they lose hope, they yield themselves without a murmur.

WOMEN BRAVE IN DEATH.—Junius Henri Brown, in the *Forum*, says: I have seen the last moments of delicate, highly nervous women, who would shriek at the sight of a spider, and who could not bear the mention of death. Any one who had known them would have thought that their closing scenes must have been distressing. They longed to live in the beginning, but as they ebbed away, and were conscious of the fact, peace and renunciation came to them. No hero of a hundred fights could have borne lingering illness and its end more serenely.

AFTER SCHOOL DAYS.—The average girl, who has "left school" at from eighteen to twenty years of age, should long since have had an object in life—some "art, craft or trade"—which would occupy her leisure hours, if not all her time. The old-fashioned girl grows fashionable again and is taught the homely duties of a housekeeper; she shares her mother's cares and learns to cook, and to fashion and repair at least her own wardrobe. Occupation is the secret of true happiness, and the girl who is busy, who believes she is necessary to her home and friends, will make the best use of her time and education.

A GIRL'S DAY.—Every girl should have charge of her own room and keep tidy its every appointment. Her own wardrobe, too—in every detail—will occupy a part of each day's time; mending neatly is not a lost art, but our mothers fail often to teach early in life, so allowing careless habits to be formed that may be hard to cure when they wish it. Morning calls should never fail to have an object; some bit of charity, some joy to be given to a sad or sick person, some church work or business to be transacted, with an hour devoted to solid reading, to art work, to music, or to the real business of life or hobby she may have chosen.

THE CRAZE FOR VARIETY IN DIET.—There is a positive virtue in a certain amount of routine in diet, and a positive sacrifice of happiness in the continual craze for variety. M. de Chevreul takes his two boiled eggs for breakfast every morning of his life, and, for all anybody knows to the contrary, has taken them every morning since he was of age—which was just eighty-one years ago. The people who eat certain dishes with unfailing regularity seem to enjoy them no less than other people do who pick and haggle over a bill of fare every day, looking wearily for something new. Not every person is born with the gift to be an epicure.

NEWMAN AT OXFORD.

When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers.

When I first saw him he had written his book upon the Arians. An accidental application had set him upon it, at a time when he had half resolved to give himself to science and mathematics, and had so determined him into a theological career. He had published a volume or two of parochial sermons. A few short poems of his had also appeared in the *British Magazine*, under the signature of "Delta," which were reprinted in the "Lyra Apostolica." They were unlike any other religious poetry which was then extant. It is hard to say why they were so fascinating. They had none of the musical grace of the "Christian Year." They were not harmonious; the metre halted, the rhymes were irregular, yet there was something in them which seized the attention, and would not let it go. Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, delightful, as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibrations die away. Newman's had pierced into the heart and mind, and there remained. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell. "The eye of Melpomene had been cast upon him," said the omniscient (I think) Athenæum; "but the glance was not fixed or steady." The eye of Melpomene had extremely little to do in the matter. Here were thoughts like no other man's thoughts and emotions like no other man's emotions. Here was a man who really believed his creed, and let it follow him into all his observations upon outward things. He had been traveling in Greece; he had carried with him his recollections of Thucydides, and, while his companions were sketching olive gardens and old castles and picturesque harbours at Corfu, Newman was recalling the scenes which those harbours had witnessed thousands of years ago in the civil wars which the Greek historian has made immortal. There was nothing in this that was unusual. Any one with a well-stored memory is affected by historical scenery. But Newman was oppressed with the sense that the men who had fallen in that desperate strife were still alive, as much as he and his friends were alive.

Their spirits live in awful singleness,
he says,

Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom.

We should all, perhaps, have acknowledged this in words. It is happy for us that we do not all realize what the words mean. The minds of most of us would break down under the strain.

Other conventional beliefs, too, were quickened into startling realities. We had been hearing much in those days about the benevolence of the Supreme Being, and our corresponding obligation to charity and philanthropy. If the received creed was true, benevolence was by no means the only characteristic of that Being. What God loved we might love; but there were things which

God did not love; accordingly we found Newman saying to us:

Christian, would'st thou learn to love,
First learn thee how to hate.

Hatred of sin, and zeal and fear
Lead up the Holy Hill;
Track them, till charity appear
A self-denial still.

It was not austerity which made him speak so. No one was more essentially tender-hearted; but he took the usually accepted Christian account of man and his destiny to be literally true, and the terrible character of it weighed upon him.

Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

He could be gentle enough in other moods. "Lead, kindly Light," is the most popular hymn in the language. Familiar as the lines are they may here be written down once more:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Far distant scenes—one step, enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
So long Thy power has blest us, sure it will
Still lead us on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

It is said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realized, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that his poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him.

With us undergraduates, Newman, of course, did not enter on important questions. He, when we met him, spoke to us about subjects of the

day, of literature, of public persons, and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say.

Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared, perhaps, at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils (though pupils, strictly speaking, he had none) for an idolized master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the university. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock.

The hearts of men vibrate in answer to one another like the strings to musical instruments. These sermons were, I suppose, the records of Newman's own mental experience. They appear to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their positions in this world; their awful responsibilities; the mystery of their nature strangely mixed, of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity, runs through them all, and along with it a resolution to look facts in the face; not to fly to evasive generalities about infinite mercy and benevolence, but to examine what revelation really has added to our knowledge, either of what we are or of what lies before us. We were met on all sides with difficulties, for experience did not confirm, it rather contradicted, what revelation appeared distinctly to assert. I recollect a sermon from him—I think in the year 1839; I have never read it since; I may not now remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. He supposed, first, two children to be educated together, of similar temperament and under similar conditions, one of whom was baptized and the other unbaptized. He represented them as growing up equally amiable, equally upright, equally reverent and God-fearing, with no outward evidence that one was in a different spiritual condition from the other; yet we were required to believe not only that their condition was totally different, but that one was a child of God and his companion was not.

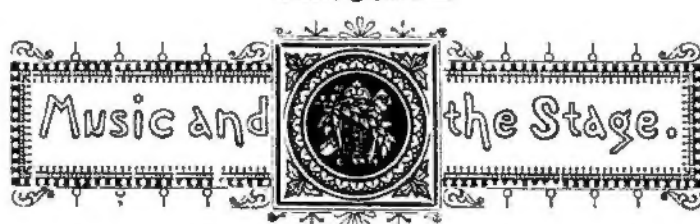
Again, he drew a sketch of the average men and women who made up society, whom we ourselves encountered in daily life, or were connected with, or read about in newspapers. They were neither special saints, nor special sinners. None seemed good enough for heaven, none so bad as to deserve to be consigned to the company of evil spirits, and to remain in pain and misery forever.

Yet all these people were, in fact, divided one from the other by an invisible line of separation. If they were to die on the spot as they actually were, some would be saved, the rest would be lost—the saved to have eternity of happiness, the lost to be with the devils in hell.

Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said: "Now I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

J. ANTHONY FROUDE.

Short Studies in English History.



Mrs. J. F. Thomson, soprano, and Miss Robinson, the daughter of ex-Lieut.-Governor Robinson, of Toronto, are both singers. These ladies would have fine success in oratorio or concert.

There are two Hamilton ladies whose voices are known in musical circles to be exceptionally artistic. They are Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, a splendid contralto, and Mrs. George Hamilton, a dramatic soprano.

John Morley, a native of Hamilton, is in New York, training for grand opera. He has a voice like Carl Formes at his best, a wonderful basso. Mr. Morley's compass extends from C to F, all the tones being equally good.

Mr. W. H. Clark, who is the principal basso of the Boston Ideals, is the son of Mr. Thomas Clark, collector of Customs at Winnipeg. He was born in Hamilton, and during his boyhood resided for a few years in Guelph. His grandfather, Mr. Hutchinson Clark, who was mayor of Hamilton in 1868, was a prominent basso in his time, and his father was a fine singer. An uncle also attained some prominence as a basso. While in Guelph young Clark sang alto in a Methodist choir until he was about sixteen years of age.

Signor Agramente, the well-known pianist and teacher of New York, who was in Toronto a short time ago, appears to have taken quite a fancy to Canadians as singers for the stage. Agramente says that he has a theory of his own about the voice in cold countries. Canada will produce a wonder in the way of a soprano yet. He has found a wider range of good voices in Canada than anywhere else. The women, too, have an attraction all their own. He is not detracting from his own countrywomen, but they will have to keep on practising to keep up with the Canadians.

INCIDENTS IN CUPID'S LIFE.

In days of old, when father Jove
Was pierced by Cupid's dart of flame,
He sternly frown'd, and smiling Love
A flirting butterfly became.

Changed to light wings of tender blue
His tiny arms grew quickly less;
His darts were down of sunny hue,
And gleamed in golden loveliness.

The urchin, now disarmed, no more
With love's sweet pains young hearts can fill,
But flits, while Pleasure strays before,
From flower to flower in rapture still.

And yet the insect beau was sad
In fragrant vale and fairy bower;
Remembrance of the past forbad
Enjoyment of the present hour.

Then, touched with pity for the boy,
Jove softly said, "Dear babe, be free;
Thy wanton sports again enjoy,
But—never try those tricks on me!"

Love changed, and to his quiver clings
Each shaft as once in olden time;
But still he keeps his radiant wings
In memory of his former time.

And, roving like a butterfly,
He trifles since that fatal day,
One moment, breathes an earnest sigh,
The next, flies gaily far away.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



A contemporary says lawyers are noted for losing their patience. How about doctors?

Soulful youth (languidly)—Do you sing "Forever and Forever?" She (practically)—No, I stop for meals.

"Still lying in his grave" is an Eastern paper's reply to the request: "Please inform an archaeologist where the body of Ananias now is."

It is hard enough, any way, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simply torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilted him heartlessly only three years before.

This occurred in New York; "Is Mr. Bromley tall?" "Personally he is." "Personally?" "Yes. Officially he is short—\$30,000 short. That's why he went to Montreal."

"I washed Willie's pants t'udder day, and dey shrank so dat de po' chile kin ha'dly walk in 'um. Won'er how I gwan fix 'um?" "Fry washin' de chile. Maybe he shrink too."

Restaurant waiter (to departing customer, who has failed to give him the accustomed tip)—You'll not forget me, will you?

Miserly Party—No, indeed. I'll write you a letter when I get home.

About every other Sunday some preacher down at Hutchinson takes as his text: "Ye are the salt of the earth." And when he announces it the people all stand up and say: "She's all right, you bet!" And then they sing the Doxology and go on with the service.

"I came to you, ma'am," said the tramp, "because they told me you was a friend of the human race."

"So I am," replied the lady of the house with a pleasant smile, "but you'll excuse me. I do not see how that fact can be of the slightest interest to you."

Editor; "You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?" Would-be Contributor; "Yes; I don't want any name to it." "Then, I can't publish it." "Why not?" "Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person."

"I notice in the paper," said Mrs. Barracks, pouring out Mr. Barracks' coffee, "that a Brooklyn clergyman says that women should be permitted to whistle." "Yes," retorted Mr. Barracks, agreeably. "He is right. We should surely not deny a woman a privilege we accord to tug boats and locomotives."

First Poetical Aspirant (to second ditto): "So you say you've sent off more than a hundred poems and never had one returned?" Second P.A.: "That's what I said." First P.A.: "It's a phenomenal success! I wish I knew the secret." Second P.A.: "Well, I've sometimes thought it was because I never enclosed any postage stamps."

Passenger (to street car driver)—I suppose, my friend, that your hours are long and hard and your life full of trials?

Driver—Beggara, it is thot, sir. But I wuddent moind it but for wan thing.

Passenger—And what is that?

Driver—Fat ould wimen.

A young rascal, about 4 years old, found that the new baby rather interfered with his previous importance, and he became disgruntled. "Where's that baby come from, anyhow?" he enquired. "Out of the cabbage garden," he was informed. The next morning he was found, with a big kitchen knife, ripping open every cabbage he could reach, saying he didn't believe in mamma's new baby, and he was going to cabbage one for himself.

Broad Street Dame (waking from sleep as the clock strikes 11 p.m.)—Mercy me! Have you been down stairs reading all this time?

Husband—I've been sitting in the back parlor waiting for that young man to leave.

Remember, my dear, that you were young once yourself. I remember. That's why I watch him.

"Sin, my dear pupils," said Deacon Barnes to his Sunday school class, "is the legacy of Adam."

And the bright boy in the class remarked that that was probably the first case on record where a will was not broken.

"Yes," said the deacon, "but it should be remembered that there was enough to go round. I don't remember hearing of anybody who didn't receive his share of the inheritance."

A doctor met a little girl on a street in Kingston the other day. He had brought her through several severe cases of illness, and now she is strong and healthy. As she shook hands with him she smiled brightly and said:

"Doctor, I like you."

"Indeed," said the doctor; "then you hold no grudge because of the bad tasting medicine I gave you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, laughingly. "Do you remember when I was so sick and wanted candies?"

"Well, yes," said the doctor.

"And you said I could have gum drops. Ever since that time I have liked you," said the little girl, as she bounded up the street.



AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT.

JACK (who has just treated his friend to the dinner of the establishment): Pretty good dinner for fifty cents, eh?
HIS FRIEND: First rate. Let's have another.

How a Father Was Cured of Drinking.

One day in a familiar instruction a priest said: "Do you wish to convert a family? Bring in its midst a soul who knows how to suffer."

"Do you wish to bring back to God a soul that is dear to you? Suffer for it."

These words were heard by a little girl who had just made her first communion. How could she comprehend them? God knows the secret of it.

The poor little child had often seen her mother weep and blush with shame, when, almost every evening, her father came home stupefied with wine.

On the day when the efficacy of suffering was revealed to her, she said to her mother, embracing her with an effusive tenderness which thrilled the poor wife: "Mother be happy, father will soon cease to make you weep."

And the next day at the noon meal—the only one which brought the family together—she took some porridge with a piece of bread, and refused anything more.

"Are you sick?" asked the mother with astonishment.

"No, mother."

"Eat, then," said the father.

"Not to-day, father."

They believed it a whim, and thought to punish the child by leaving her pouting unnoticed.

In the evening the father returned as usual intoxicated. The child who had gone to bed, but had not slept, heard him swear and began to cry. It was the first time oaths had made her weep.

The next day, like the preceding, at dinner she refused everything but bread and water.

The mother became uneasy, the father angry.

"I wish that you would eat," he said, angrily.

"No," replied the child firmly, "not as long as you will become intoxicated, swear, and make my mother cry. I have promised the good God, and I wish to suffer that God may not punish you."

The father hung his head. That evening he returned home quietly, and the little one was charmingly bright and winning, and no longer refused to eat.

The habit again overcame the father. The child's fast recommenced.

This time the father could say nothing; a large tear rolled down his cheek, and he ceased to eat. The mother also wept. The child alone remained calm.

Rising from the table he clasped his little daughter in his arms, saying:

"Poor martyr! Will you always do thus?"

"Yes, father; till I die, or you are converted."

"My child, my child! I will never more give your mother cause to weep."

A little boy, six years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa, "Who taught the first man his letters?"

A lady said to her guests: "Make yourselves comfortable, and do exactly as if you were at home. As I am at home myself, I wish with all my heart that you were, too."

A mediocre painter, who considered himself quite a distinguished artist, wished to fresco the ceiling of his hall. "I will whitewash it first," he said, "and then paint it." One of his hearers remarked, "I think you would do better to paint it first, and then to whitewash it."

Habitant—"I wish to sell my house and lot." Real Estate Agent—"All right, give me a description." Owner (next day)—"I've decided not to sell that place." Agent—"What's up?" Owner—"After reading your advertisement on its advantages, I couldn't think of parting with such property."

Fond Father: "I declare, Aggie, you are a perfect fac simile of your mother when she was your age."

Aggie (just home from boarding-school): "Please call me, Agonies, papa. As you say, I presume I am a fah simmeel of mamma in her younger days."

Fond Father (communing with himself in the woodshed a few moments later): "Papa! Mamma! Agonies! Fah simmeel! Great Scott! Is that what I pay \$150 a term for?"

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